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find it. There are many cases like that. My friends in the age-village will go to a diviner who will declare that the shades are angry because I do not care for my father.' If a daughter makes a runaway marriage her father is angry and it is believed that either she may not conceive or her baby may be ailing until the marriage-cattle and bull of puberty have been given by her husband and accepted by her father.

The respect and obedience due to a father is due to his heir, and in certain circumstances to his sister also; while on his part the heir has the same obligations to his juniors as the deceased had. Fibombe cited the example, already quoted, of a man quarrelling with his dead father's sister over the distribution of the marriage-cattle for his own sister, and the girl failing to conceive because of the anger of her father's sister. If a son, whose parents are dead, neglects to provide his sister with the customary gifts of food when she returns to her husband after a visit to her 'father', he may become impotent: 'Those below are angry and when he has begotten twins he will have trouble at the ritual.' Or the girl may fall ill. 'She thinks: "Who is my father? This is my father, but he does not care for me." ' The mystical power of a senior relative is linked directly with his obligation to give gifts:

> My father's elder half-brother has power over me only if he has given marriage-cattle for my father or nurtured him. If he has given him cattle to marry a wife then he has power over him. . . . My superior (*nkala gwange*) is he who gives me everything.

Favouritism in a polygynous family, shown in the unfair division of milk or meat or fish by the husband between his wives, is thought to anger the shades, which cause his cows to bleed from the udder when milked, or prevent fish entering his traps, and so do the bad temper and insulting language of a quarrelsome wife. Mwakwelebeja explained that:

> If a woman is bad-tempered when she is making beer the beer goes sour. If my wife and I quarrel my shades are angry and the beer is spoiled. I say to my wife: 'You have spoiled the beer because you do not listen to what I say.'

Neglect of his wards by the heir is a wrong-doing frequently mentioned.

> It is said that if I neglect my brother's children he and my father will be very angry, they will not come to meet me when I die, as the

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686 shades usually do, and I shall wander a long time on the way to the land of the shades because I shall have no relatives to show me the way. And then when I get there I shall still have trouble. They will drive me away from them, and I shall live alone, apart from them, quite separate.

775 764 More rarely a shade is said to be angry because his grave has been left unswept, or he has not been buried where he asked to be.

621 681 The kinds of behaviour believed to be punished by 'the breath of men' are very similar to those thought to be punished by the anger of senior kinsmen; and, indeed, as we have seen, kinsmen and neighbours may murmur together against a son who has seduced his father's wife, a girl who has behaved insultingly to her parents-in-law, either verbally or by a breach of avoidance, and an heir who has neglected his wards or has neglected the customary ritual for his father, more particularly the customary killing of a cow when he enters into his inheritance. It is said that neglect to provide them with certain customary feasts infuriates neighbours more than anything else.[1]

The misfortunes that threaten from the neglect of rituals, and from the anger of kinsmen and neighbours, are loss of sanity, of life or health or fertility; a difficult labour or a lingering death; repeated miscarriages; loss of beauty (a wicked woman goes bald or turns reddish); scanty crops or sick herds, or, nowadays, unemployment—the man whose father is angry does not find a job. Only rarely is it suggested that punishment may be postponed until after death and then what is feared is that the shades of the lineage will not receive their kinsman.

775 771 488 When Nyakyusa talk about their religion they speak mostly of external things, of the rituals, of the angry words spoken by kinsmen or neighbours and of the fearful effects upon one against whom this anger is directed. Misfortune is said to be brought down on a man by his parents muttering in anger over the fire, by people murmuring against him (the word used is that for the humming of a hive of bees). The emphasis is on outspoken complaint or criticism. But it is also thought that 'the shades see what is within a man': if he stints one wife of fish, then 'even though the woman herself has not said anything, the shades hear the thought of the belly'. Sleeplessness and an unquiet mind are taken as evidence of the anger of the shades or the attacks of witches.

[1] cf. Monica Wilson, *Good Company*, pp. 105-6.

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'*Tutigona* (we do not sleep),' is the formal phrase with which the village headman and other responsible people notify the chief that all is not well with the country, or with which a woman or a junior kinsman prefaces the troubles brought to the notice of the head of the homestead, when these troubles have not obviously materialized in sickness. Anger is dangerous first and foremost to the person against whom it is directed, but there is also the suggestion that it may react on the person who is angry. We have already quoted the remark: 'A woman never murmurs against anyone. If she does she falls sick herself.'

How the fear of the shades is inculcated in a child is shown in the following text:

I began by learning the word or name: *umyuka*, and to know that the shade (*umyuka*) was someone who had died, and people said that they were like flickering shadows (*imigungulu*). Also people said a shade is someone very awesome (*asiya*) if he appears to you. When I began to think of the shades at night I could not sleep because I feared the awfulness (*ubusiya*) of which they spoke. And this was specially told: 'If a person dies to-day, and perhaps you have not heard, then that dead man appears to you with cattle. He is smeared with earth on his face and forearms and knees. Then, because you do not know anything, you say: "Friend," and talk with him, saying: "Where are you going with the cattle?" He says: "I am going to my in-laws." Then if you go home and find they are wailing a death, and you tell your tale, they say: "So-and-so has died, you met him." They say you also will die. But you must be silent, and only speak after they have buried him.' So in my belly, in my thought, the shades appeared very fearful. Many people compare the awfulness of the shades with that of wild animals, and say the awfulness of the shades is greater. If a shade is standing here, and a wild animal there, you will flee towards the animal. So I also thought. But later I changed my mind, and said I would go towards the shade.

Once when there was some sickness at home I heard it said that the shades were angry, perhaps because there had been a quarrel, perhaps because he [*sic*] had not killed a cow for a relative's funeral. Once when I was ill with sores round the mouth, people said: '*Misoka*, the shades have created them'—that was to be 'beaten' by the shades. So, when they had consulted an oracle, they poured a little beer on the fire-bricks and prayed. Then the illness disappeared very quickly. When I asked my mother about it she said: 'The shades were angry, so you were ill. It was because your father was angry, or perhaps on some other account.' Thus I learnt the work of the shades, little by little, from illnesses among my parents and stories of my elders.

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too hard to dig graves in'. They and their successors were all buried in the valley, each in a different spot. Over their graves trees were planted and grew up to form a ring of sacred groves round Mbande. Each grove has a name and the Kyungu who is buried there is usually referred to, not by his own name, but by that of the grove where he lies. . . . We traced sixteen groves in the plain surrounding Mbande and the nobles who pointed them out remembered participating in celebrations at all except that of the last Kyungu. The ruling Kyungu and the spirits of his dead predecessors were believed to form one divine company, the anger of any one of whom had terrible effects, and both living and dead were placated with offerings.

In time of drought the nobles of Ngonde would go to a diviner to inquire who it was who was angry; they would mention all the *names of the sacred groves of the Kyungus in turn and he would* tell them that it was so and so. They would inform the living Kyungu and he would give them a bull or a sheep, together with some beer—they would take one of the pots of beer from his own house, brought by his people as tribute. And he would give them some flour and cloths also. Then they would go with them into the grove and build a miniature hut. Next they would kill the beast and hang some of the meat up on a tree—the rest they would eat later outside the grove. Then they would tear up the cloths and fasten some of the pieces on to the hut in the grove—an action they would explain as 'giving him cloths'. And finally, they would pour out some of the beer and the flour. Nearly always, in time of drought, they would thus build a hut and make an offering in the grove of the Kyungu whom the diviner had mentioned.

But occasionally, if one of the chiefs had recently insulted the Kyungu, they concluded that it was the living Kyungu himself who was angry. They would go to a diviner and mention all the names of the dead Kyungus, but he would refuse to accept any of them: 'No . . . no.' And at length he would tell them that it was the living Kyungu who was angry because so-and-so had insulted him. Then there would be no sacrifice at the grove at all, but the nobles of Ngonde would go to the one who had insulted the Kyungu and charge him with it, asking him what he meant by thus killing them all, would not the whole land starve? And so the wrongdoer would take a cow to the Kyungu who, thereupon, would address the nobles of Ngonde, saying: 'If it was my

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anger which brought the drought then it will rain (for I am no longer angry). But if the rain does not come then it cannot have been my anger, it must have been someone [of the dead Kyungus] whom you forgot to ask about.' 'And if, after that, the rain came soon, then it was not likely that anyone would insult the Kyungu again.' If, however, it did not rain, then the nobles of Ngonde would approach the Kyungu once more and ask why it had not rained. He would say that he did not know, that he himself was certainly not angry, and they must have forgotten someone, they had better go and divine again. And so they would, and then the diviner would tell them that it was so-and-so (one of the dead Kyungus) and they would go and sacrifice in his grove.

Thus to insult Kyungu was not only treasonable, it was blasphemous, and the whole plain was believed to be cursed with drought or disease in reply. An 'insult' might mean any neglect of the obligations of the chiefs and nobles and commoners of the plain to their lord.

The people of Ngonde hoed large fields as tribute to the Kyungu and if they failed to do so 'he grew angry and poured all the water out of the pot in which he kept his rain stones' (*vide infra*, p. 114) and 'the sky dried up'. Then the chiefs called their men to hoe. . . . 'They hoed and hoed and hoed and their wives planted, then the rain came in a torrent. . . . Kyungu created much rain.'

Or if an elephant hunter neglected to send the Kyungu one of the tusks of any elephant he killed he would not kill another. 'The country beneath was angry . . . the shades of the dead Kyungus . . . they were angry saying: "Why do you stint our child?" '

The rainfall in the Ngonde plain is less than half what it is in the Nyakyusa valley and anxiety about rainfall was constantly shown in the communal rituals; elephant hunting was also a matter of concern in a way in which it was not among the Nyakyusa and this too is reflected in rituals; but there was also the preoccupation with health and fertility, as in the prayers at Lubaga. In the groves circling Mbande the nobles prayed: 'May the sterile bear children, may the cattle and fowls increase, may the children sleep and not cry at night, may the witches not injure anyone.' And as we shall see, it was health and fertility that men had in mind when they cleared out the ashes each year after the break of the rains.

Towards Christmas time, when the first maize and the first

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782 793 [789] black and white) animals are killed, with the same symbolism as in BuKinga.[1] 'We kill a white sheep in the dry season that the sun may shine—if we killed a black sheep in summer the wet season would last all the year.'

The Kinga pray for fertility of the fields, that illness may pass, that they 'may sleep at home'; the local people[2] for fertility of the fields and that the pots they make (and on the sale of which they largely depend) may not crack in the firing. The more distant chiefdoms of the Nyakyusa plain sacrifice only in drought or plague—the last sacrifice remembered was during a plague of locusts about 1915, but the Kinga chief Kyelela sent a cow in PaliKyala in July 1937.

778 688 Like the grove of Lubaga, Kyala's cave is fearful. There is a story of two men who took a length of creeper from near it to tie up their canoe, and when they got home both went mad. Godfrey Wilson's guide, a young Christian, refused to enter the cave on the grounds that his pagan half-brother had once entered and taken away a potsherd and 'when he got home he went mad'.

[177] [323] [1] Merensky appears to have been misinformed on this point, *op. cit.*, pp. 321-2.

[2] The potters are primarily Kisi, but neighbouring Nyakyusa have taken to this lucrative trade.

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may 'make the enemy fearful and sue for peace'; and that even men who have left his country may return to him. And it is so powerful that the dose must be carefully adapted to the individual. If a chief is already 'heavy' with an inherited python he is given the merest fragment, but a gentle fellow thought to be 'light', 'empty', is given more, that his words may carry weight. Too much will make a chief harsh (*nkali*)—'he will always be beating men'—and he must be given an antidote to calm him down. Too much in the tails causes them to 'fly through the air at night, gleaming, and throttle the cows'. This is the danger of *inyifwila*, that it may act like the pythons in the bellies of witches and kill men and cattle. Controlled by a chief it is held to be reasonably safe, though Kalobo, Mwaipopo's (116) second wife, who was grumbling because no tail had been lodged in her house was told that she did not know how lucky she was for '*inyifwila* is very fearful—it enters the belly, it makes itself into familiars'.

The use of *inyifwila* is forbidden to commoners. In Ngonde, with its hierarchy of chiefs, it was the danger of attempting to equal one of superior rank that was emphasized. 'If a commoner sprinkles *inyifwila* on himself saying, "Let me surpass my fellows", and he meets a chief (who is entitled to use it) then he dies immediately because he said to himself, "I also am a chief" '; and 'If an Ngana chief dances and sprinkles his spear with *inyifwila* . . . and then meets Kyungu, he dies.' In the more democratic atmosphere of BuNyakyusa chiefs were 'very angry' if commoners used it, but it was the danger of its acting like witchcraft and throttling men and cattle and, eventually, its owner, that men spoke of most. We heard of half a dozen men—among them the most successful trader of Selya—who were reputed to use it 'to surpass their fellows' and 'get rich' and one case actually came to Court. Mwaipopo, the chief (116), raised the matter himself:

> Why does this thing go about at night? I have seen it myself, it shines, I know it. It is that with which the doctors treat us chiefs to make us impressive [i.e. *inyifwila*]. Do you not know, you commoners, that we chiefs have prohibited its use in our countries? Ask your fellow Mandala! He is bad, he planted this thing, it kills you people.

So two village headmen went and called Mandala who lived near Ngulyo, and brought him to Court. There he was asked: 'Why did you keep this which kills people?' Mandala denied vehemently saying, 'I have not planted this.' But Mwaipopo

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643 As we have seen, the chief's fearsome medicine *inyifwila* is
778 thought to be very dangerous, and too much in the tails may cause
622 them 'to fly about throttling men and cattle', but a chief is never
[754] accused of working witchcraft; it is inconceivable to the Nyakyusa that he could be. If the tails have got out of hand they are treated
[789] by a doctor 'to close them up'; no one suggests that the chief should get rid of them. It is commoners, 'black people', who are witches —cannibals, the eaters of raw flesh—as opposed to chiefs who, since the dawn of history, have killed cattle for meat and cooked their food like civilized men. But the distinction does not extend very far; junior kinsmen of the chief are 'commoners' and may well be accused of practising witchcraft.

There was a delicate balance of power in the Nyakyusa con-
[182] stitution between hereditary chief and commoner headmen and the belief in the power of medicines and of witchcraft was an integral part of it. The chief provided fruitfulness by the power of his own body and his medicines; all men depended upon him for their well-being—food, cattle, children, success in war; but he in his turn depended upon the goodwill of his men led by their village headmen; without it he shivered and fell ill, only to be buried by them 'with the breath still in his body' lest the power of growth disappear with his breathless corpse.

Something of the quality of this mutual dependence and fear is conveyed in Kasitile's account of his own illness quoted in Chapter VIII.

(*e*) THE NECESSITY FOR HARMONY

182 The welfare of the chiefdom is thought to depend upon
643 harmony between the chief and his village headmen and priests,
622 and also between the chief and his kinsmen. Any friction between
793 them may result in public misfortune as well as sickness to the individual at fault. The quarrel of Kasitile, the priest, first with
[753] the Kinga priests, and then with the commoner priests of Mwai-
[821] popo's chiefdom was believed to affect the crops and the weather, as well as Kasitile's own health (*vide infra*, pp. 124-41), and
[688] Mwaipopo's failure to tell Kasitile formally of the death of their kinsman led to rain which spoiled the funeral dance. A quarrel between the lineages of two chiefs which should have sacrificed
643 together was said to have been followed by a very poor millet
602 crop (*vide infra*, pp. 79-80, 118, 136).
578 How the personal relationship of a chief with his kinsmen is

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CHAPTER V

SACRIFICES AT THE GROVES OF CHIEFS

(a) THE PLACE, OCCASION, AND FORM OF SACRIFICE

778. 769 [137] A CHIEF is buried near the trees planted at his 'coming out' and around the grave a thicket grows up. It is taboo for men to cut saplings or brushwood there and since trees grow very fast in the climate and soil of the Nyakyusa valley, the thicket soon becomes a grove, and there sacrifices to the dead chief are made. The priests look for the stone planted at his marriage, and place the offering beside it. How long a chief is so honoured depends on how conspicuous he was as a ruler or warrior, and perhaps also on [782] whether the sacrifices are judged to be efficient in producing rain and health or not. Mbyanga and Kabale, two groves which are particularly honoured, were the shrines of founders of expanding lineages. At Mbyanga was planted a cutting of a tree which sprouted from the grave of Mwakisambwe (30) who had first occupied the country in which Mbyanga is situated. He is often spoken of as having been 'buried' at Mbyanga, in fact he was carried back ten miles to Lubaga, whence he had come, for burial. But he is worshipped at Mbyanga and we attended a sacrifice there for which his great-great-great-grandson, Mwaihojo (147) the chief, provided a cow, and Mwaihojo's grandsons ate the holy food. In contrast to this, the grave of Mwaipopo's (116) younger brother, who had once ruled a country but was defeated in war and whose sons had died, was completely neglected; no one sacrificed there. We knew more than a dozen chiefs' groves at which sacrifices were made, and there must have been a great many more in different parts of BuNyakyusa.

643 769 Since every ruling chief normally had two heirs, sacrifices involved co-operation between independent chiefdoms—two chiefs at the grove of their father, four at that of their grandfather, and so on. But if there is friction between the chiefs, some branches of the lineage cease to participate, saying that the connexion is 'too distant', and celebrate at the groves of their nearer ancestors only. This happened at the sacrifice of Mbyanga which we [578] [688] attended (*vide infra*, pp. 79-81). The sanction for co-operation is the belief that quarrelling between kinsmen annoys the shades and

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may nullify any ritual, but often it is not strong enough to overcome the fissiparous tendencies of the lineage. In theory a celebration at the grove of a senior should precede that at the grove of a junior and sacrifices at Lubaga would be followed by sacrifices at the groves of the 'sons of Lwembe' in order of seniority, but this does not happen in practice nowadays and we doubt whether it ever did, since a hierarchy was not organized and maintained by a central authority as in Ngonde. In 1935 a celebration at the grove of Mwaijonga (82) preceded one at the grove of his great-grandfather Mwakisambwe (30) by a month, as we shall see.

Sacrifices are made when a drought or flood occurs, or a plague of locusts, or an epidemic among men or cattle; when fishing is poor in the chiefdoms of the plain, or war is imminent. They occur most often during the 'winter' in the hills, when a malaria-sodden people feel the chill of damp mists and cool south winds, and in October, just before the break of the rains, when the country is parched; but they are not confined to these periods. In theory the village headmen and the priests who 'watch over the country' foresee *coming* misfortune in dreams, and avert it by making the appropriate sacrifices. And they are helped by ordinary people who are dreaming repeatedly or falling into a trance or fit, and prophesying evil and jabbering of 'a black cow, a black cow' or some other appurtenance of sacrifice. But in practice the prophecies generally occur when there is hunger or plague in the land, or an omen (such as a python or a ground hornbill behaving oddly) has been seen.

The dreamers are *abasololi* or *abakunguluka*, and, as these names indicate, they are believed to have descended into the land of the shades. *Ukusoloka*[1] means to go down into something, like the roots of a tree into the earth, and *ukukungula ingungula* means to pluck a banana flower which (as was shown in *Rituals of Kinship*) is a symbol for a corpse and is buried; so the *abakunguluka* are those who have been buried in the earth. '*Abakunguluka* go to the land of the shades and return. . . . An *unkunguluka* plucks up the "blessed grass" (*ikisajelo*) in his swept courtyard and goes beneath and sees.[2] . . . He goes down into the earth beneath and takes the chief to the land of the shades when he dies, and he also sees the witches. . . .' More rarely, the *unsololi* or *unkunguluka* is

[1] *Ubusoloki*—a breach presentation, the implication being that the infant's head is in *busuka*, but children born in this way are not necessarily prophets.

[2] cf. Monica Wilson, *Rituals of Kinship*, pp. 77, 212.

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789 rain started again and it rained for an hour during the division of the meat; then again it lessened and stopped.

A showery and varied day was turned to account by Kasitile. The way he did it was to keep quite silent about the rain and about the insult, but let the others talk. No one directly connected the rain with him in his presence, but they talked about how heavy it was, now and again. If there is too much or too little rain, or Kasitile is known to be angry the weather is noticed and connected with him. The conclusion that Kasitile sometimes deliberately played up to the credulity of his neighbours is irresistible. But when there was a drought he grew very troubled. In January 1938 there was drought in Mwaipopo's country though in some of the neighbouring chiefdoms there had been heavy rain. We went with Kasitile to visit his fellow priest, Mwamakunda, in the bush country. There was discussion about the drought.

KASITILE: I have put in the rain stones, but nothing has happened, I tremble!

[787] THE OTHERS: Kijaja went into a trance and said: 'Let a cow come from Mwakihaba (45), Mwakilima (31) has driven away his senior kinsmen and refused to send a cow, he has refused to return the cow which was given him by his senior brother. Let him return it, instead of saying: "Let the nasty old man (*ikangale*) celebrate there at his place." Then if it comes there will be much rain and food.' [i.e. Kijaja attributes the drought to the refusal of the junior line of chiefs to send the customary cow for the sacrifice at Mbyanga, *vide supra*, pp. 79-80].

[688]

[787] KASITILE: Kijaja has gone into a trance and prophesied just recently. Kyala has brooded over him recently, he is a new prophet, but I, Kasitile, have not heard [i.e. have not been formally notified]. Had we been together with Kijaja I would have argued with him and silenced him. See! In Mwakihaba's country it has rained; it has rained heavily there, but not here. I would have said: 'Kijaja you are a new prophet. . . .' But I don't know about this rain. . . . Had I consulted an oracle the cause would have come to light.

MWAMAKUNDA (came and sat down): What about this rain? Have you put them in water?

KASITILE: Yes, I have put them in water and nothing happens, I put them in water and nothing happens. I have not consulted an oracle about this rain. . . . I tremble. . . .

MWAMAKUNDA: Yes, indeed! Consult an oracle. . . . Then you did put them in water. . .?

KASITILE: They have lain there two weeks, but the rain refuses to come.

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. . . I put the stones into water, it is as if someone spilt it out, the sherd dries up. . . . Now Kyala has gone away, the shades have fled, formerly they clapped their hands (indicating satisfaction). . . . There is something about which the shade is angry, because in this homestead we were accustomed to pray frequently. . . . If I boast saying: 'It will rain tomorrow', will it rain?

MWAMAKUNDA THE YOUNGER (gravely, and with hesitation): No, not if Kyala does not wish.

WIFE OF MWAMAKUNDA: But formerly it agreed [i.e. the rain came].

A day or two later Kasitile came in, during the evening, with Mwalusanye, *a young doctor, the son of doctors.*

K.: This rain, do you not ask about it?

G.W.: Have you been to consult the oracle?

K.: Yes. I consulted it the day before yesterday.

G.W.: What did it say?

K.: It said: 'Your fathers are angry, and Kyala and the Holy Spirit (*NuMbepo Mwikemo*)!'

G.W.: What do they say we have done wrong?

K.: Since Mwaipopo received a Court what have the chiefs given us to say 'We did wrong?' Did they give me a cow? They did not. [Here Kasitile was referring to the insult to Lubaga, *vide supra*, pp. 35-8, and he identifies himself with the priests of Lubaga.] In MuNgonde I was a commoner, I ate meat, here I live hungry.

G.W.: And now who will speak out about this matter?

K.: You, you tell Mwaipopo 'Ask Pikumbaba (Kasitile 86) why this rain does not come, what has happened to it?'

G.W. refused and asked: Who should suggest this according to custom?

K.: Mwamakunda.

MWALUSANYE: Because according to custom, Mwaipaja (G.W.), if things were as they are with us now, if the rain refused, our fathers came to Kasitile (60), the father of this one, to ask him saying, 'Kasitile what has happened to the rain?' But now that our fathers are dead, we are bad, we do not ask.

And a few days later the chief said: We have thrown away our food, it's drying up in the ground . . . this drought! Kasitile says: 'It has defeated me . . . the shades (*imindu*) have caught hold of us.' Perhaps they cla[illegible] a cow, perhaps it is because Mwaihojo (147) and his fellows paid here. . . . But those beneath are angry (pointing downwards and speaking with conviction), the owner is angry.

The rain-maker therefore is not conceived of as working independently; the goodwill of the shades of the chief is necessary, and perhaps also those of the rain-maker himself, though this is not quite clear. Nowadays, at least, Kyala is also invoked. In

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CHAPTER IX

KASITILE THE PRIEST

WE turn now from the description of rituals to a personal document, an account of the illness of Kasitile (86), the leading priest of Selya, the causes suggested for it, and the rituals performed. *His case* shows: (i) the power of village headmen over chiefs in general, more particularly the power of the commoner priests (village headmen of the previous generation) over hereditary priests of the chief's lineage; (ii) the persistent linking of misfortune with sin in both public and private life; (iii) the function of divination in selecting between possible causes of disease; (iv) the influences of Christian and Muslim teaching and Western medical science on a conservative who goes so far as to invite a Muslim to cut the throat of the sacrificial animal and speaks of turning Christian in his old age; and (v) the very great importance attached to 'speaking out' (*ukusosya*) and not leaving anger to smoulder unconfessed. Beer is necessary for such a ritual 'speaking out' and the participants are pressed to drink deep, for *in vino veritas*.

The *dramatis personae* are:

KASITILE (86) of the chief's lineage, priest of Selya
JANE his senior and favourite wife
JANE'S YOUNGER SISTER and co-wife
KILULELE a third wife suspected of bewitching Kasitile
MWAIPOPO (116) the chief and senior kinsman of Kasitile
MWAKYONDE (148) the doctor who was treating Kasitile
KINGA *priests* (i.e. Kikungubeja Nsyanigwa, Kyamba Kitali, *vide* pp. 24-34)
NGULUYO, NJOBOKOSA, KISOGOTA } Village headmen of Mwaijonga (82) and priests of his grove, *vide* pp. 74-7, 84-5
MWAMAKUNDA THE ELDER a hereditary priest, assistant to Kasitile
MWAMAKUNDA THE YOUNGER (Mwambagoje) son of the elder who often acted in his place

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younger one[1] gossips with her fellow, she does not go to the witches herself, but just talks to the other wife who calls the witches to her aid. These two wives say: 'The favourite has borne many children to her husband; we are poor' [i.e. the favourite gets an unfair share of her husband's attentions].

Kasitile speaks of his wives as 'witches' which, according to Nyakyusa ideas, they were, if they injured him, but he was also in the wrong to have shown his preference for Jane so clearly. As was shown in *Rituals of Kinship*, the shades are thought to punish such favouritism.

Towards the end of August Kasitile went to consult Ndembwe, a diviner and doctor, living nearly a day's journey away in the hills, who used a 'stick in the ground' as a divining rod. On his return Kasitile reported:

Ndembwe says it's the 'breath of men', not the wives, but the dispute about the beer. I paid him 1*s.* and drank three preparations of medicine at his place. He is coming here—I have found some beer and I am sending to call him tomorrow. Then Kasitile added confidentially: About the source of the 'breath' I am uncertain. Ndembwe suggested testing my wives. He can see the heavy ones, for in Ndali country he has drunk much medicine to give him spiritual power (*amanga*). He told me to come home, not to go back to Mwakyonde's country, and he is coming to give me medicine to drink and also to sprinkle medicine in the house. He will sleep here and see who it is that comes—he will know if the wives are heavy, or if it is the people of the country.

Kasitile's uncertainty was apparent. The first diviner had stated clearly that the sickness came from the witchcraft of the wives, but Kasitile wanted a further test.

We were away from Selya for some time and did not hear of any further developments in Kasitile's illness until early in 1937. By then a new reason for his ill-health had been put forward, viz. his impiety in cutting all the branches off a tree growing at the entrance to a sacred grove which has sprung up over his father's grave. He cut the tree because it was encroaching on his homestead. Then he fell ill and he went to consult Ndembwe again.

He asked me: 'Have you done something wrong at home?' I replied: 'No, I have done nothing wrong.' 'But the oracle says you have done wrong at home.' I said: 'Perhaps it is because I cut a tree at the

[1] Sister of the favourite Jane. To accuse Jane's sister would cast a slur on Jane, for witchcraft is normally hereditary.

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753 entrance to the grove?' Ndembwe told me, 'You will get no cattle'
688 and indeed the cows are aborting. He told me: 'Brew beer and look
[787] for a sheep[1] and pray to your grandfather.'

782 Kasitile did not find an animal for sacrifice. He slaughtered
a kid 'just for meat', killing it near the grove, but without praying
or taking any of the meat into the grove, for it is not customary to
offer goat's meat to the shades. His health improved a little, for a
787 time, but again he got worse and went off to see another diviner,
saying: 'Perhaps there is some other cause; perhaps Ndembwe is
mistaken.' He decided to go to consult an oracle some distance
away 'because the oracle near home does not convince us; those
who live near know all our wrongdoings; those at a distance don't
know the affairs of the homesteads here'. This time Godfrey
Wilson was invited to accompany him 'since he was his friend'.

Record of G.W. 8/2/37

787 We left Isumba about 7 a.m. and walked for an hour over the hills
753 through the bush. Kasitile had sent his wives, Jane and Kililuli, on
ahead to tell the diviner, Nsoki, that we were coming. . . . He came in
[791] from the fields to meet us and was taken aback by the presence of a
[186] European. Kasitile kept saying: 'Do not be startled, he is from home
he is our friend.' . . . Food was served, then Nsoki's wife brought out
some cooked millet porridge for the divination. He broke off a large
piece and began to roll it between his hands. He smeared ointment on
his hands and added powdered medicine. . . . He rolled and rolled
sometimes throwing the ball up and catching it again, spitting on his
hands meantime. He murmured as he rolled, then at last he said to
Kasitile, 'Speak!' Kasitile called his two wives to come near, and he
explained his symptoms and the circumstances, how the sickness had
fallen on him just after he had cut the tree in the sacred grove.

Nsoki asked for other possibilities. Kasitile: 'Perhaps the country is
angry—I am a senior there. If it is the fathers who are angry I admit
[684] having done wrong. Perhaps my wives have committed adultery in the
long grass and they are the cause of the illness.' Nsoki rolled and rolled
the ball of porridge speaking aloud: 'It is Kyala above?' (looking up)
[775] Kasitile interrupted him: 'Yes, indeed, Kyala, but Kyala stands
where he stood at home, does he stand alone? He stands with the
fathers.' Nsoki (as he rolled the porridge): 'Your fathers are angry
about that grove?' Then the ball of porridge flattened out in his hand
and he broke off . . . 'No, that is not the cause' (*vide* plate 10*b*).

Rolling it into a ball again he went on: 'Your wives have committed

[1] This was Kasitile's own account. Others told us that he had been advised to look for a *bull*.

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adultery?' Again the ball flattened. 'It denies it.'[1] Then Kasitile, obviously dissatisfied, spoke: 'Nsoki, three cows have slipped their calves at my home, I sent to Ndembwe and he said: "Your fathers are angry, you cut a tree, Mwakisambwe (30) is angry; seek something", so I sought a kid and I recovered. Later I took my bill-hook and cut all round. Now the illness has begun again, and I thought perhaps it was because I did not go to BuKinga to buy a bull, because I sought only a kid?' Nsoki (no longer rolling the porridge): 'Perhaps my oracle is mistaken, it denies it, Kyala above has sent the breath (*imbepo*) to discipline you. I asked the oracle saying, "Perhaps it is the fathers?" but see, it denied it.' Kasitile: 'No, it is not mistaken.' Then he told all over again the story of his pruning the grove and of his illness and of his recovery after killing the kid, concluding 'then I cut again and fell sick.' Nsoki: 'But Kasitile, see! There is much illness about, Kyala has sent it all through the country, to discipline us.'

Shortly afterwards we left. I apologized to Kasitile for spoiling his divination for it was obvious, from his face, that it had gone wrong. He assured me that I had done no wrong but agreed that Nsoki had been afraid of me. . . . 'He feared your body, Mwaipaja [G.W.], you are impressive (*nsiya*), no one builds together with Europeans, he feared to speak. . . . Do you suppose that Kyala alone sent the fever? No! He stands with people, he stands with the shades.' I asked him what he thought. 'Ndembwe's oracle was not mistaken, the shades were indeed angry, but now Nsoki's oracle denies it. It really denied it, I saw the porridge with my own eyes, so I think the illness is from another source now. When he spoke of the "breath of Kyala" he meant "men".' Kasitile lowered his voice as he said this.

QUESTION: But what quarrel have they with you?

KASITILE: None! The oracle denied this. I have done no wrong . . . (later on) He spoke of the fathers, but he was afraid to speak out—they are angry; I should seek something.

QUESTION: To eat with whom?

KASITILE: With the village headman . . . (later on) See Mwaipaja, I cut the grove and at once I fell ill. If you come from doing something and fall ill, do you not begin to wonder? The shades are angry.

He was quite incoherent. First he said the 'breath of men', then the shades, then that the oracle denied the shades—'I saw it do so'—then that it denied witchcraft and that anyway he'd given no occasion for it. The one thing clear was that the divination could not be accepted as it stood. Kyala never acts alone in Nyakyusa thought, and Kasitile's conversation reflected the uncertainty of mind which he had gone to Nsoki to have resolved and which had not been resolved. His opinion

[1] He explained later that 'if the porridge becomes fluid and soft, that means it agrees to what has been said; if it does not change, it denies it'.

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787 clearly inclined to the shades as it had before the divination, but as
753 before the certain conviction was lacking.

Four days later (12/2/37) Kasitile went to Nsesa in Kituli village to consult the oracle again 'for that of Nsoki went wrong'. He told us afterwards 'This oracle supported the finding of Ndembwe's. It said:
[775] Your kinsman who is dead is angry; he says, "Why did you not
[769] celebrate the ritual? I am tired of the hair (*Ngatele nasyo inwili*). And what did you offer your father after cutting that tree?" ' Here yet another cause of Kasitile's illness is suggested—the neglect of the death ritual of a kinsman. The implication is that the chief mourners have
[765] not yet performed the concluding rite of shaving which makes it
[302] possible for the deceased to join his fathers. The hair which the mourners shave off is called 'the hair of the corpse'.

QUESTION: What are you going to do then?

[688] KASITILE: I shall charge the young man, son of my dead kinsman, with
[602] neglect, and tell him to celebrate the ritual that the shades which have bound me may go out of my body.

QUESTION: And the bull?

KASITILE: If I can find one I shall kill it.

QUESTION: Who will be there?

[793] KASITILE: The priests will be there, Ngulyo, Kissogota, Njobakosa, Mwalukuta and Mwakasukula,[1] and also Mwaipopo (116) himself. Were I a commoner I should kill alone with my younger brothers, but since I am a public personage (*ndi nkulumba*) the village headmen are there. (To Mwaikambo, the clerk.) It is good at your home in the hills; here things are bad.

QUESTION: But they also have shades?

[775] KASITILE: But they are not important. Look you, I just cut a tree and
[178] they have seized me and dwell in my body. Are there sacred groves in the hills? Do men visit them? There in the hills rituals have died; the puberty ritual and the rituals of the groves are celebrated very little.

787 On 27th March Kasitile looked in to say that he was going to con-
791 sult a visiting Sangu doctor 'from very far off' about his cough, but
753 G.W. had better not come lest his presence spoil the divination. Kasitile came again after the consultation, full of excitement. 'What a doctor! That is a doctor indeed! That is a diviner! He took an axe and divined with it; he took coppers which I brought and threw them in a little pot, together with the axe, and ash, and he said: "You also take ash and throw it in" and I did so. Then he looked into the little pot and said: "You built on the plain!" He knew this without being told! I said: "Yes".'

SANGU: There was a quarrel there.

[1] The last two are priests of Mbyanga (*vide* p. 80) who did not in fact come. Mwamakunda, Kasitile's assistant, who did come is not mentioned.

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KASITILE: Yes indeed.
SANGU: Now your body is sick, you are coughing. 787
KASITILE: Yes indeed, I am ill, and I am coughing a great deal. 791
SANGU: Yes, it is that quarrel down there. You came with the cough from the plain. 753
KASITILE: Yes, I came with it.
SANGU: You are a priest, you are a senior priest. (He knew this himself!)
KASITILE: Yes indeed.
SANGU: But the cough comes from the quarrel in the plain. If you were not a priest you would have died.
KASITILE: Indeed, we quarrelled over land, over the boundaries, on the plain. I hoed someone else's land—the land of a commoner there. [578]
SANGU: They placed something to injure you.

Kasitile paused in his narrative and we asked how the 'something' operated.

KASITILE: In dreams, by means of their witchcraft. [754]

The Sangu told me: 'It is this which causes you to cough continually, but there is something else also, you did not move to the plain from here without trouble.'

KASITILE: No, I moved with an accusation against me. [775]
SANGU: Yes indeed, you did wrong and now your fathers are very angry. [776]
KASITILE: Yes, I cut a tree.
SANGU: Mother! You cut a tree? The fathers and Kyala are brooding over you, Kyala is angry and broods over you. Pray, pray very much. It is you who are throttling the cattle of the country.

We expressed surprise and Kasitile continued: 'Yes, indeed. The Sangu said: "It is your wrongdoing (in cutting the tree) which is causing the cows to abort. I will clear out the thing which came with you from the plain. Bring 2s. tomorrow." He's a great doctor, Mwaipaja.' [688]

The astonishing thing was that Kasitile, a man of considerable intelligence and inclined to query the truth of the revelations of some oracles, was so much impressed by the fact that the foreign doctor (staying in the country) knew that he was a priest and had sojourned in the plain, though to anyone knowing KiNyakyusa well his connexion with the plain was apparent in his speech, and his bearing indicated him as a personage.

Talking of the divination three days later, Kasitile told us the Sangu doctor had said: 'You have done wrong at home. This Kyala (pointing to the little pot into which he was looking) knows that Lwembe and the Kinga and your father are angry, your father is very important, he works with Kyala, he is with him.' 755 791

As a treatment for the cough the doctor put various ingredients with

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some live coals into a small calabash and held them against Kasitile's chest 'to clear out the blood of coughing'. To pacify the shades a pot of medicines in water was put on the fire; the doctor, Kasitile, and his 'senior wife' (actually her younger sister, as Jane was away) each held the pot with a crooked finger. Then Kasitile and all his wives and children were sprinkled with the hot medicines. And the doctor told Kasitile to sacrifice a bull.

During the following week preparations for the sacrifice went ahead. Kasitile walked for some hours through the forest to call Mwamakunda, his fellow priest who always assisted him in the celebrations at Lubaga and 'sprinkling the country'. Mwamakunda is a very old man, contemporary of Kasitile's father, and he asked: 'Are you bringing your European to the sacrifice?'

KASITILE: Yes.

MWAMAKUNDA: But your father Mwakanjoki (60) did not know any Europeans, he feared them, he died without ever meeting one. After your father died, when your elder brother was alive, Europeans came —Germans—and cut down a tree, the *umuali* tree in the sacred grove near Kamesu; blood gushed out, it shouted so that it was heard in BuKinga.

Kasitile explained that the Germans had wanted timber. Afterwards Mwaipopo (the chief 116) sought a sheep and they tried to put the grove to rights ('close up') by sacrificing it. This was the tree beside which the sacred meat was always put when they sacrificed in the grove. Now one branch has grown up again from the roots.

Mwamakunda went on: 'But you did wrong at the beginning not to take the European to pray, and to tell Mwakanjoki (60) that he should not be afraid, the European has made himself our friend.' Kasitile, reporting the interview to us said: 'I concealed that we went together to the grove to pray (*vide supra*, p. 115) and Mwamakunda told me: "Let the European take something, let it stay overnight in the house, and go with him, and pray very much. . . . Mwakanjoki has gone off in a huff from your home, you have offended him yourself. Go with the European, take him to your father's home. Now your father has taken offence, he is shaking your body by night because you cut the tree; you have done wrong." ' i.e. two causes for the anger of the shades and Kasitile's consequent sickness were given: (i) the cutting of the tree by Mwakanjoki's grave and (ii) Godfrey Wilson's presence at rituals and at Kasitile's homestead. So before the sacrifice of expiation for pruning the grove was performed Godfrey Wilson went to be introduced to Kasitile's shades for the second time.

Record of G.W. 5/6/37

In the evening as the sun was setting, I went to Kasitile's house with a cloth and 2s. He put them in the house, took down the calabash which

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Record of G.W. 10/4[illegible]

783 I was summoned two hours after sunrise and found at Kasitile'
782 Mwaipopo (the chief 116), Kisogota, Ngulyo, and Njobakosa t
commoner priests; Mwamakunda the younger (his father is too we
to come himself), and a half-wit who has attached himself to Kasiti
Mwaipopo asked me: 'Did you escape the rain yesterday evening
I said, 'No, I was caught by it, I'd come without a coat, and I thoug
it quite safe as I lived so near' (a quarter of a mile away). Mwaipo
replied: 'Ah, but you were at prayer. Do they not listen? Did y
think you would escape the rain when you were at prayer?' and
laughed at me. During the afternoon it began to thunder close
Kasitile glanced round and whispered to me out of the corner of
mouth: 'They are listening!'

Drinking continued all day, and all day, with intervals, they d
cussed the case (*ukujoba isungwa*) or spoke out (*ukusoya*) or pray
(*ukwipeta*). This half formal prayer (*ukwipeta*) over beer is an essen
part of the ritual. They began by discussing the cutting of the tree
[698] Kasitile. 'They are angry, Mwakanjoki (60) is angry, he is start
[769] that Mwamalobo (i.e. Kasitile 86) cut him himself. Mwakanjoki s
'Who is there?' [i.e. Kasitile did it without formally telling the sha
about it]. They (*sic*) went off in a huff . . . we have come to fetch h
(*sic*) back.'

Then Kasitile told them about his prayer and how he had admit
his fault saying: 'Indeed, I, your wife, have done wrong, Mwakanj
(60), indeed I come to enter, I Mwamalobo (86), I am a woman.'
you went to Mwalubanga's (58) come, if you went to Mwaitende's (
come.' 'Yes,' Kisogota broke in, 'you are a woman, and also you
a man, take the calabash cup and pray. It is you then (who are
fault).' 'Thank you,' said the others, 'thank you Mwakisomb
(Kasitile is identified with his great-grandfather, 30), thank
Mwakagile (Mwaipopo, 116), is identified with his grandfather,
for praying with water.' (Mwaipopo had also prayed at his place.

So the discussion continued. 'We try everything, a sacred stem
bananas from Kalinga (senior widow of 113) is cut, it goes (to
shades), people milk their cows, they collect millet (*vide* pp. 84-5, 1
we try everything, we try everything.'

Then Mwamakunda started a new topic, the old *umuuli* tree: '
friends, do you say they have gone away now? They went away
ago. Did this *umuuli* tree fall when Kasitile (60, father of the pr
one) was alive?' 'When he was dead,' they agreed. 'Well, then, w
has your wisdom disappeared to?' 'Yes indeed,' broke in Kas
'Indeed, but we attended to that. They said, "Mwaipopo se
sheep." They attended to it again. And when I came from the p
I killed a cow, the meat went there, we attended to it.'

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to which all had led up.) Then Mwaipopo (116) spoke: 'We have taken home Mwakanjoki (60), we have taken home Mwakisambwe (30).' And the others agreed: 'We have taken him, we have taken him.' Mwaipopo went on to speak of the tree cutting: 'It was always a swept place, Mwakanjoki (60) built there, let it be a swept place again, let it be clear, let our prayers go beneath to enter the house here [i.e. no matter that the trees have been pruned], prayers go beneath in the swept place. See, we buried our father Mwaijonga (80) in the swept place, was it heavy? [i.e. a sacred grove] Yes, a tree grew later. So if I like I cut that it may be clear again.' To which Kasitile replied: 'Thank you, Mwakaglle' (116, identified with his grandfather 55). Mwaipopo continued: 'Let no one whisper. Who whispered? Where do we all look? Here! It is our earth, here, it is our tree, here, it is our fertility of the soil (mbele), here. No one stirred up Mwakisambwe (30); he stirred up himself.'

So they prepared to go, saying, 'It's getting dark, it's getting dark.' But Kasitile stopped them. 'Wait, there is one thing left, tell Mwakaglle (116, identified with his grandfather 55) that he should seek a cow, let us finish.' They took this up: 'Yes, since we have taken your grandfather to his home, let us go to your father, Mwaijonga (80), and to Mwakabule (117), let us finish them.'

Mwaipopo ignored this. 'It's getting dark, let us go.' And Kasitile softened it by addressing Njobokosa and his fellows: 'But Njobokosa have you cattle?' 'Yes!'

'And has Kimegota got some?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, is it you who will seek this cow?'

'No!'

'Indeed, it hurts Mwakaglle' (116, identified with his grandfather 55) [i.e. it hurts him to have to spend his cows].

'Do not "cut leaves at home" [i.e. summon a crowd and discuss the matter publicly], he will be startled, he will swear at us, speak with him privately.'

So they went off. Jane (wife of Kasitile, 86) took the breast of beef to Mwaipopo's (116) place. One leg went to the priests, Njobokosa, Ngulyo, and Kimegota, one to Mwamakunda and Ndisu (Kasitile's kinsman), and another kinsman who was not present, the hump and neck were sent to me; and two legs and the chine were kept for Kasitile himself and his female relatives.

A couple of weeks later, when Kasitile came to visit, he explained one or two points in the ritual. Asked about Mwamakunda's forceful words 'Why do you shut up words in the heart?' and the reply of Kimegota and Njobokosa, he said: 'That is very important. Mwamakunda is my man, he stands by me, he eats meat with me, he compelled

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them to speak out, because if they do not admit that it is they, then the ritual fails.'

QUESTION: What does that mean?

KAMTULE: It is witchcraft!

QUESTION: Witchcraft? (in apparent surprise).

KAMTULE: Yes, it is their witchcraft, the priests gathered with the shade, they bring a chill on my body.

QUESTION: Pythons? (still in surprise).

KAMTULE: Yes, they fly in their witchcraft to come here, they speak with the shades, saying: 'Punish him! Let him find us something to eat!' They call the shades to help. Hence I sought something for them to eat that they should be satisfied.

QUESTION: But I thought witchcraft and the shades were quite separate? (still in apparent surprise).

KAMTULE: No, they are together, look you, did not Kimegeta boast? He said, 'Indeed we came, it is us, it is us. Why did you cut that branch? But now there is no accusation against you.' He boasted very much. He said: 'We have power, if we like we can give him worms.' [It is Njahokono who was heard to say this, but Kamtule's personal quarrel was with Kimegeta.] Did I not tell you that I had worms when I came up from the plain? I had them! I went to doctors and the diviners said: 'You are a chief, you were in the plain, why do you not kill a bull on your return?' Then when I killed a bull the worms disappeared! Where did they come from? They came from the priests, they called the shades to their aid. So I admitted to Kimegeta, saying: 'Indeed I have done wrong, I your wife, I Molobo' (*Mi*, the feminine form of the name is used).

QUESTION: So, a white person (*umundu, vide infra*, p. 141) cannot be a priest, but only a witch, a heavy one?

KAMTULE: Yes, indeed, how can a white person take hold of the ritual? His fellows will drive him away. See! To a ritual do we call everyone?

No!

KAMTULE: And is my home near to Kimegeta's?

No, he lives at a distance.

KAMTULE: Yes, indeed, it is the black ones (*batila*) whom we call because it is they who punish us chiefs.

QUESTION: Well, then, is the anger of the shades always provoked by the witches? What about sores (*imisale*) on the mouth?[1] What about madness if a communer does not perform the death ritual?

KAMTULE: No, I do not lie, that is different. Sores on the mouth come from the shades, the witches are not there, and if a communer fails to perform the ritual, madness also comes from the shades, it comes

[1] Cf. Monica Wilson, *Rituals of Kinship*, pp. 181, 219.

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but I see them. It's taboo to speak. They must seek blood and they go off; we fear them!

QUESTION: Why do you chiefs never speak out if you are throttled?

KAMTULE: If I speak how many would there be to name? Very many! For us it's taboo to accuse a man of witchcraft, but the commoners accuse one another. Look you, do few people keep you company?

Many!

Like us chiefs, everyone comes. It's taboo for us to speak out, we [illegible] take you; [illegible] brushwood (kuwingopo ifyo) and I were alone we feared to throw out the beer, we said: 'If we throw it out will they leave?' But when Kimagota came, he said: 'All right, I will throw it out myself.' We fear the fierce great priests, the terrible witches, they are angry.[1] We shrink when they appear.

The village headmen of the country call on the priests for help against us, they whisper by the fire, the priests come in their witchcraft, they call on my shades saying, 'Let us punish him', also they eat, together with the shades. Our shades never initiate anything, never; they look to the priests. But with a commoner the shade may initiate matters himself. Yes, people whisper indeed, but is that witchcraft? No! They whisper openly and ask, 'Why did you not perform the ritual?' But even although people are silent, still the shade comes saying, 'Why did you not perform the ritual? I am on the road.' He initiates the thing himself.

QUESTION: But don't people eat meat at the ritual of a commoner?

KAMTULE: Yes, and if he does not celebrate it they accuse him, but they accuse him openly.

QUESTION: If the heir buries him with a few cattle?

KAMTULE: If a rich commoner dies and the heir buries him with only one cow, the shades are angry and the people also; their chilling breath comes on his body, perhaps he falls ill himself, perhaps his child falls ill, but the people and witches do not meet together, people are angry here, and the shades there; all of them and the shades too, because he has celebrated with one cow only. People are angry because they wish to eat the meat. But the oracle says, 'The shades are angry.' It does not speak of people, it knows that people also are angry, but it speaks of the shades. And at the celebration he prays in the evening, the next day he calls people and kills a cow, and throws the sacred meat in the banana grove, saying, 'Here is your meat, father.' People say, 'Indeed he did wrong, his father was angry', but they do not confess saying, 'It was we', no, they say 'the shades' . . .

We chiefs have bodies which are different, the commoners arrived first in the country, they ate raw food, we fear them saying, 'They eat raw food.' It is we who followed and brought fire. To us they confess

[1] *Abapyago bakwi mikalala.* The noun class implies size, ferocity, and dislike.

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(their witchcraft); to each other they say: 'It is your father.' Because if they confess to a fellow commoner saying, 'It is we', he says, 'You are "eating" me, drink the ordeal'. The witch is driven out. But to us they admit saying, 'It was we who were angry.' They do not fear us. Commoners are the seniors in the country; they arrived first.

It will be remembered that the commoners are spoken of as 'black people' (*abatitu*) and that the first chiefs were 'pale' (*mwela*) but these words also have moral implications. 'It is said that a person "has a black heart" or "has black blood", or "is black in his face towards us" when he is thought to be a witch, eating his fellows, or when he is a thief, or a liar, or an adulterer, or dirty. Even though his body is light coloured (*mwela*) the word "black" (*ntitu*) is used of him metaphorically.' And *mwela* implies innocent, pure, as well as light in colour. The comparable symbolism of 'nigger' and 'white man' is all too familiar in Johannesburg or Charleston.

That Kasitile himself was much afraid of the commoner chiefs and was relieved by the 'speaking out' was clear, and the people of the country as a whole were glad that the ritual had been celebrated, for they expected an increase in fertility. Some days later Mwakyonde (148), came in and said, laughing, but half serious: 'Congratulations, Mwaipaja (G.W.). You have celebrated the ritual, we rejoice greatly, you give us fertility of the soil, you are a great priest.'

In some moods Kasitile was inclined to become a Christian, but he felt an obligation to the country as priest, and believed too strongly in the efficacy of the traditional rituals to abandon them. He said to G.W. one day, over a pot of beer: 'If it were not for the ritual I would get you to speak to the Europeans of the mission, and I would go with my wife Jane, and be baptized. If my son was old enough and had agreed to carry on the ritual I would do it; perhaps I will when I am old. . . . It is good to have one's heart washed clean, we are dirty inside. The Christians say to us: "You with your four wives each, you are all dirty, you love one and squabble with the rest." Well, it is so with me, I love Jane only; I would like to go and be baptized with her. But I fear for the ritual, I fear hunger, the hunger of the people. For I am the food of the country, I am the maker of food.'

We left Selya shortly after this and were not able to observe the effect of the ritual on political relationships in Selya. Kasitile lived another seventeen years, duly performing his functions, and in 1954 he was succeeded by his brother's son, James.

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amaguzi and men should be *mwela*, pure, innocent, without anger in their hearts. But, as has been shown, this quality of purity is the very *opposite* of spiritual power (*amanga* or *ubusiye*). It is attributed neither to Kyala and the other heroes nor to the priests; according to Kasitile (p. 138) a pure person cannot be a commoner priest and the chiefs themselves, though *mwela*—pale—by comparison with the black commoners who are witches, are also 'heavy' (*nzito*) with the medicines they have drunk. Men become *mwela* by confession; 'speaking out' is a condition of efficacy in sacrifice and the officiant blows out water as a symbol of bringing up all the anger that was in his heart. The parents of twins and the priests of Lubaga, having celebrated their awful rituals emerge, crying, '*Tali bela*'—we are pure. The very quality which rituals produce in men is the *opposite* of that which characterizes their heroes, their priests, and their rulers. Galahad whose 'strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure' is wholly foreign to Nyakyusa thought.

Truthfulness was never mentioned as a characteristic of the righteous or the pure, nor is it a quality of the heroes or priests. Men censure one another for *ukutangala* which is commonly translated as 'lying', but means rather 'speaking indiscreetly'. In one Nyakyusa text the child who is told certain ritual secrets by his father and reveals them when he should not is *atangala*, and this is an accepted use of the word. No burning concern with truth or falsehood is apparent in the Nyakyusa tradition though they are passionately interested in what they conceive to be right and wrong.

The conception of witchcraft and sorcery implies a freedom, a choice of good or evil, for the individual. Much is determined. In Nyakyusa thought, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and a child may fall ill because his great-grandfather shed blood or was bound with ropes, and was not adequately cleansed, or because his father has neglected a ward; moreover, kinsmen are 'members one of another', and a ritual neglected by one may bring suffering to others; but there is *also* the notion of individual responsibility. A witch or sorcerer acts consciously and voluntarily—our informants scouted the idea of a witch being unaware of his actions—and he may repent and desist. There are now, periodically in Africa, 'revivalist' movements in which a pagan doctor or diviner urges men to throw away their evil medicines and repent from their witchcraft. One such movement

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elder watches over the morals of his flock and it is his duty to report to the Session any breaches of Church law among his people. Through him the cards entitling members to attend communion are distributed, and cards are withheld from those whom the Session has agreed must be suspended from membership. Each man has, on the average, 125 people to care for. The women elders organize the women's weekly meetings, and take parties of women on preaching tours in pagan villages. They are the leaders in any charitable activities of the congregation and in the instruction of a Christian girl at her marriage. A woman elder settles disputes between two women, and in family quarrels she is often asked by the elder in charge of the village to help him to reconcile the couple. She is also a supervisor of morals and reports to the local elder if she 'hears any woman speaking like a pagan'. Deacons are elected like elders and are primarily responsible for the collection of Church dues and the administration of Church funds, but in a village in which there is no elder a deacon will carry out some of his duties.

In practice, then, each local group—a Christian village or village section—has its chosen leader, a male elder or deacon who conducts daily prayers in the local school house or his own home, and also fulfils many of the functions of an assistant village headman, arbitrating in disputes and acting as the spokesman of his village section. The traditional organization of the age-villages, in which an individual had some choice as to the village he should join, and was not bound by kinship connexions, makes an adaptation to villages in which those of the same faith live together easy. It is noticeable that the Pentecostal and Watch Tower converts build their own village sections apart from Moravians or Lutherans. And since the traditional village leaders are chosen, not hereditary, it is very easy for a leading Christian to become an assistant headman, more or less formally recognized by the village headman named at the 'crowning out'.

At first the teachers were more directly under the supervision of the missionary than of the congregation, being selected by him and paid by the mission, but in the middle thirties, when funds from Germany ceased coming to the Moravian and Lutheran missions, the payment of village school teachers fell on the congregations of these denominations. Each village wanting a school had to provide a building, and in this pagans and Christians often co-operated, for many pagans also wanted their children to

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there?" And after he went there was much food.' In fact, it appears that he took the teachers and schoolchildren to the grove that they might no longer be afraid of it: the girls gathered firewood there, and everyone entered and made a noise, thus breaking great taboos. But all this happened long ago (the visit to Mbyanga was in 1913 or 1914) and, as was indicated earlier, the common view among Christians is that pagan rituals used to be necessary and efficacious, but are so no longer. We were assured by Christians who themselves took no part in twin rituals that 'formerly people fell ill if they did not celebrate'. 'Yes, of course, they were very sick indeed in the old days, the whole body would swell.' Some even maintained that it was still necessary for pagans to celebrate though not for Christians. A Christian chief explained:

> The sacred grove of Mwakihaba is just here in my country; . . . in the old days they used to take a little fresh milk and an unripe stem of bananas, and put them in the grove. . . . The next day the calabash was full of milk and the stem was ripe. This was really so in the old days, Kyala heard men and agreed to their requests in this way. We went to ask for rain and food in the groves; the chief would kill a cow and Kyala agreed, food and rain came. Now that the Gospel has spread, since the Europeans have opened the Gospel to us Kyala refuses to agree, he says: 'Since they are proud and refuse to hear the Gospel I will discipline them', and he refuses to agree to the old ways.
>
> Question: What about witchcraft?
>
> Perhaps there were people who were witches in the old days; at any rate I know that when milk ran short and a man was accused to the chief of bewitching the cattle, the chief used to take his cattle and drive him out of the country, and then milk was plentiful again. Of that I am sure.
>
> Question: And now?
>
> No, it is not like that now.

Many pagans attribute the decline in fertility which is taking place, and the decrease in the yield of milk, to the decay of the old communal rituals and the unhampered activities of witches.

Nevertheless, as the number of Christians in an area increases, the pagans tend to curtail their rituals more and more. The direct parallel between pagan confession, sacrifice, and communion with the shades, and the Holy Communion of the Christian Church is recognized by many, and one is felt to replace the other. Regarding the rituals of kinship we were repeatedly told: 'We see that the Christians, who say the only rituals are the

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succession of 'sun', 'rain' and 'cold' into which the Nyakyusa year is divided; but there are parallels in the traditional prayers for rain, and at seedtime and harvest, which the Christians are quick to point out. What is totally new to the Nyakyusa is the division of a year into weeks, each with a day of rest and worship; but the conception once introduced has been accepted very quickly, and it is common to find pagans as well as Christians refraining from work in their fields on a Sunday. This is partly the effect of experience in European employment where Sunday is a day off, but partly, perhaps, it is because the idea of taboo is deeply embedded in pagan thought, and the teaching of some missionaries and converts has been in terms of taboo—of prohibitions connected with 'the Sabbath'.

In the Christian villages and village-sections, some at least of the converts gather for morning and evening prayer and on Sundays in their little mud Church or school-house, and once a month or once a quarter they gather in the main Church of the district. Besides this, those seeking baptism or preparing for confirmation gather for regular weekly instruction over a period of two or three years. There is thus regular common worship and instruction, and a strong sense of community between fellow Christians, particularly when they are in a small minority in an area.

But though the Christian is a member of a Church and worships in community, the emphasis (at least in the Protestant Churches in BuNyakyusa) tends to be on the individual, and some pagans spoke as if turning Christian implied an abandoning of public duties. Kasitile's remark that if it were not for his responsibility for the ritual he would be baptized, has already been quoted (p. 141), and the young priest of PaliKyala said the same. Whether these two were serious in wishing to become Christian is irrelevant here; they both believed that they had duties to their community which could not be fulfilled if they were Christians. The 'individualism' of young Christians is a matter of concern to many missionaries who are struggling to create among Christians that very sense of mystical union which pagan kinsmen exhibit.

The idea of the corporate nature of the worshipping group, with all that implies in mutual responsibility, is but one example of the profound similarity between the underlying ideas of pagan and Christian ritual that will be apparent to most readers. In the pagan tradition confession, oblation, and communion are as essential to the sacrifices at the graves as they are to the Christian eucharist;

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Yes, indeed, they boast, they say threateningly (she put her arms akimbo, and imitated a menacing voice) 'Don't speak to me like that!'

All through this discussion Y was excited and spoke with vehemence. Next day she came in looking worried and said:

About that choking of which I was telling you, what do you think it is when you wake up with pains like that? I'll tell you how it was. I went to see my sister, and found her very ill. She had had a miscarriage and her in-laws had not looked after her properly; they had not sent her to hospital, and when she was lying ill her mother-in-law even refused to come and cook for her. And so I was very, very angry with them. And that night I woke up feeling as if someone were stamping on my head, and I heard the knocking on the door and the footsteps I told you about. What do you make of such things when you dream someone strikes you or is throttling you?

The conception that misfortune is the result of sin, which dominates pagan thought, is reinterpreted in terms of the changing conception of God and the changing social structure. We found that many Christians believed that misfortune had been brought on certain wrong-doers by the 'curse' (*ikigusa*) of a priest or elder, or the anger of their Christian neighbours. A missionary or elder rebuking a man was repeatedly thought to have 'cursed' him,[1] so that he lost his job, or fell ill, or was eaten by a crocodile, and in one case a young couple who had not had a child were said to have been cursed by their Christian neighbours because the young man had provided no feast at his wedding. The Christians who believe in such a 'curse' explain that the power comes from God who 'hears people who murmur'—a direct parallel to the pagan belief in the power of senior relatives and neighbours to bring misfortune on wrong-doers—and it is the *words uttered*—the rebuke of one in authority or the murmuring of neighbours—which are held to be dangerous.

How the reproving words of a missionary may be interpreted as a curse is shown in the following case.

The wife of Z was a thief. She stole things from the loft of her mother-in-law's hut. She herself began to say: 'I am tired of my husband', and she began making love to other men. When her husband asked her to do anything she refused. She complained to neighbours, saying: 'My husband is a hard man. He watches me when I am preparing food to

[1] Thirteen cases of this type are recorded in *Good Company*, p. 119. cf. Monica Hunter, 'An African Christian Morality', *Africa*, 9 (1936), pp. 265-9.

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one of the early missionaries the sons of leading men had been sent to Kondowe to be educated and their influence had been important in gaining the support of the Kyungu and chiefs for the mission. 797x 795x

In the second generation of Christians not nearly all those baptized in infancy come to be confirmed or 'blessed'—an elder in Ngonde put it at about half. There is, therefore, a large group of people who have been Church members and have been struck off the Church register because they have married a second wife or committed adultery or become drunkards, and show no sign of repentance, and of those who have grown up as Christians, but have not maintained any connexion with a Church in later life. [688]

So far we have talked of Christian rituals and dogma in terms of the three mission Churches whose converts form the great bulk of Christians: differences between them are negligible. The doctrinal differences between Protestant and Roman Catholic do not bulk large to the Nyakyusa, and since the Roman Catholic Church had not been operating for any long period among them and had a membership of under 1,000, many of whom were Ngoni from Songea or Kisi, who had settled in Tukuyu district, it was not possible to make any adequate comparison of the differences between Protestant and Catholic groups.

Two small Churches, the Pentecostal Holiness and the Watch Tower, had certain peculiarities. The Pentecostal Holiness Church holds highly emotional services at which members are expected to 'speak with tongues'; during prayers the whole congregation begins to jabber, each man usually being unintelligible to his neighbour, though words of other languages can be distinguished. Our informants maintained that the attraction of the Church was that its members seemed to 'have more of the Holy Ghost', as demonstrated by the 'speaking with tongues', though the more cynical of outsiders mentioned also 'the loaves and fishes'—cheaper Bibles, and the fact that the European leader was the largest employer of labour in the district and those who belonged to his Church got on best with him. Many of the members had formerly been Moravians. Its rules were strict: members were not permitted to smoke or drink, or use any Nyakyusa medicines. [781] [778] [466] [715]

The Watch Tower members emphasized that their Church, through its leader, Judge Rutherford, interpreted prophecy in a way in which no other Church could do. They practised baptism [852]

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by immersion and were strict about not eating the flesh of animals without a cloven hoof, and avoiding beer, but made a point of not being sabbatarian and working in their fields on Sundays—these were the things they emphasized to us. They were also pacifist and would not join the Police or King's African Rifles, since Rutherford taught that all Government was evil.

(*d*) 'INDEPENDENT' AFRICAN CHURCHES

There is a great cleavage between the mission Churches and the 'independent' African Churches, which also claim to be Christian, read the Gospels at their services, and recite the Apostles' creed, but whose rules of life are avowedly based on the Old Testament rather than the New (*vide* p. 191). Both the 'independent' Churches operating in BuNyakyusa approve polygyny; the bulk of their members are middle-aged polygynists and they have at least as many men as women among them. Nyasuru's statement on polygyny was interesting:

> When we young men went to join the mission we found that many of our fathers were attracted by it. They said to us: 'If only the Europeans would let us come in with all our wives we would come.' . . . Sometimes it would happen that the son of an old man's second wife would join the mission and become a preacher and he would preach even to his father, saying: 'You pagans do wrong, you marry many women, you must repent, your ways are evil.' Then his father would say to him: 'On the contrary, it is not I who do wrong, if I had married only one wife you would never have been born, and you young men take one wife only and then what happens? You steal other men's wives, continually, in secret, and the country is full of lawsuits about women. It is our custom which is good.' . . . And so we, now, we have our Church and our fathers come in with us. It is our aim to take the old people with us, not ourselves to go forward alone. All the other matters which the missionaries brought to us we think are good, only this European custom of marriage is difficult.

Nyasuru and Ngemela had both been suspended from the Church of Scotland Mission for marrying second wives, and Nyasuru, a man of fifty-three, had four wives when we knew him. He kindly provided us with a copy of a statement on the beliefs and constitution of the African National Church, which is worth quoting in full:

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during worshipping hours, but shall reserve same until evening when worshipping is over.

Any member found contravening these rules shall be dealt with by the Session and if found guilty shall be suspended or expelled from the Church.

The term of Chairman for the Annual Conference shall be two years, but he shall be elected again if required.

The Annual General Conference shall be composed of a body of men chosen from each division, viz. Pastors, Elders, Deacons, and other notable men.

A general confession with words and music composed by one of the Pastors of the African National Church, Robert Sambo, is used as an alternative to the Ten Commandments. Nyasuru translated it for us from the original Tumbuka.

Jehovah God we have come before Thee to worship and to confess our sins which we have done during the week.

Response: May they all go away (*fyosa filakaje*).[1]

We have sinned before Thee in speaking to people, we have offended Thy creatures, we have spoken bad words, we have grieved their hearts, Father.

May they all go away.

We have sinned against Thee in thoughts coveting the wives and husbands of others; we have broken the Ten Commandments, Father. We have done wrong in our village, Father. Witchcraft, adultery, and hatred, all these are in our village. We pray forgive all, Father.

May they all go away.

Our chiefs do not love one another in their hearts. Take such hearts from them and give them one heart.

May they all go away.

A new commandment you have given unto us all to love one another as in Heaven, where there is no quarrelling. Teach us all to keep Thy Word, Father.

May they all go away.

That our chiefs may be one in loving and ruling their country and their people, and lead us all well. This we pray, father, grant us.

May they all go away.

The old worship is broken down; we have come as wild animals which are without God. Call us again to worship, Father.

May they all go away.

Africa is the land of our forefathers. We have damaged her with our new ways, by leaving all the ways of our forefathers, ways which gave peace to the country, Father.

[1] The phrase used in the pagan ritual for cleansing the country, cf. p. 105.

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May they all go away.

Our Church is calling everyone to come in so that the house of marriage may be filled. It is Thy work to give them[1] all new dresses.

May they all go away.

We are taking beer as wild animals; we forget worship which is our life. Teach us to drink beer moderately, Father.

May they all go away.

We have forgotten all the laws You gave to our forefathers. We have married women by snatching. Turn us to a life of new marriages according to the ways of our forefathers, Father.

May they all go away.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost, One God, ever and ever. Do unto us according to what we have said. Amen, amen, amen.

In spite of the assertion in the constitution that the rules of faith are based on the first five books of the Bible, a sermon we heard was based on New Testament parables; candidates at baptism must give their assent to Apostles' creed; and the doctrine of the resurrection is preached at funerals, John xi. 25-6, and Job xix. 25-7, being read.

The African National Church has five schools at which half the fees charged in corresponding classes in mission schools are levied, but not all of them succeed in keeping their pupils. In 1937 there was a 'strike' by African National Church parents against sending their children to one school because 'the children of the leaders in this area are attending the Livingstonia schools and none goes to their own National Schools'.

The members of Ngemela's Church were less sophisticated than those of the African National Church and we heard of no written constitution. The services were also simpler. The only sermon we heard was on repentance.

Repent and repent soon; do not delay! Repent in your hearts! There is no virtue in baptism; it is just water; but let your hearts be washed clean. The world is full of things which excite wonder and envy. Many when they see the riches of their fellow say to themselves: 'I will go and steal his things', but we must not do that. Many go and commit adultery in the long grass, but we must not do that. God has sent us the Gospel. These are the words of Christ and none other are his words (holding up the New Testament). Our Fathers had never heard of it, but we have, and Christ calls us to repent. In the old days when a

[1] Referring, Nyamaru said, to the wives of polygynists. Many women in Ngonde objected to polygyny on the ground that where there were several wives they were not properly clothed.

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stranger came through the country our fathers lay in wait for him and killed him, but we are learning and have to learn to give him food and a night's shelter. Repent and let your hearts be washed!

We differ from other Christians because we baptize in Jordan, and they baptize in a dish in the church. They say we are wrong, but we say we do what Christ told us to do. They also say we are wrong to marry more than one wife. The words we say are just the same as the creed of those at Kabembe (i.e. Lutherans) with two differences, that of baptism and that of having more than one wife.

Communion services are celebrated half-yearly at each of several different centres by the leaders of the 'independent' Churches, and since they are unable to obtain wine, sweet tea or a light beer are used instead.

The members of Ngemela's Church contribute to buy a bull and rice and beer, and share a feast together after a communion service, and it is alleged by outsiders, though stoutly denied by members, that these are 'love feasts' at which members exchange wives,[1] to show that they are 'one body'. The African National Church also holds feasts after services and some outsiders say these too are 'love feasts', but outside opinion on the African National Church's feasts was much less unanimous than about Ngemela's feasts. It is certain that in Ngemela's church men and women drink sitting together in a manner not conventional among the Nyakyusa. Members of the mission Churches spoke of members of the independent Churches as living 'just like pagans' and averred that, despite their polygyny, their members ran off with other men's wives and were scarcely disciplined for doing so.

It is also clear that the would-be members are baptized almost immediately, with no period of testing and instruction such as is insisted upon by the mission Churches; that very many of them are members who have been suspended by other Churches; and that the 'pastors' have no special training for their task.

Nyasuru's church attracted more educated people than did Ngemela's and, in terms of Dr. Sundkler's classification,[2] his was a typical Ethiopian Church with its emphasis on African nationalism. Ngemela, the son of a minor chief, behaved much like a chief and attracted the less educated. He emphasized 'washing' —baptism by immersion—and repentance, and he was peripatetic

[1] This is also alleged of the Watch Tower in Northern Rhodesia. cf. Ian Cunnison, 'A Watch Tower Assembly in Central Africa', *International Review of Missions*, xl (1951), p. 467.

[2] B. G. M. Sundkler, *Bantu Prophets*, Lutterworth Press (1948), pp. 55-9.

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797 went away to work again and in time I earned four cows which I
795 hid with friends far from home. My father knew nothing about
583 them. Then I wrote to my father from Mwasebe [about twenty
584 miles from where his father lived] where I was working, saying that I had found a girl there, the daughter of a Christian, and please could I have the cows with which to marry her? My father said: "No, she lives too far away." ' Then later he found a Christian girl of whom his father approved and a satisfactory marriage was arranged.

A common topic of discussion among Christian women was whether parents should choose mates for their children, or leave them free to choose for themselves, for though traditionally a girl had to signify her consent to marriage, she was betrothed very young and her freedom of choice was small. The growing insistence on personal freedom in marriage is symptomatic of a radical change in the attitude towards persons.

797 The pagan rituals were the main occasions of recreation. It has
795 been shown, in *Rituals of Kinship*, how pagan funerals and marriages
[764] are the occasion for feasting and dancing and display, and how the
[585] seclusion hut of a nubile girl is the gathering place for the young
[782] men and girls of the neighbourhood. Even a twin ritual is a festival with beer for the older men and some meat for everyone. The sacrifices at the groves were feasts for the leading men of the country, and the 'coming out' was the occasion of the greatest feast of the generation, and dances were practised for months
[796] ahead. Partly because of a change in sex morality, and partly
[688] because the meat and beer at pagan feasts are offered to the shades, Christians are largely excluded from these festivals. They may not participate in pagan dances, or join in the lewd songs, or attend the initiation hut of a girl, and they are partly debarred from the
[273] feasts of the pagans: certain of the Churches (notably the Church of Scotland and, for a time, the Moravians) forbid Christians to drink beer at all.

[796] And the Christian rituals, though some of them are 'festivals of the Church', are scarcely celebrated as such. There has been a separation between ritual and recreation which has left a gap in the Christian community. It is true that the Christian young men
[535] and girls sing and dance at funerals and marriages, but the elders,
[684] for the most part, look on with dubious eyes, saying that dancing leads to adultery, and several of the dances introduced by

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leap in sympathy; as one of our friends explained, she found it hard to accept food from the neighbouring Safwa who were 'so dirty in their cooking'.

Both pagans and Christians pin their faith to resurrection, but the interpretations differ radically. To the pagan the shade is resurrected 'in the body of his child', it scarcely has any separate existence. To Christians the personality, the individual soul, is something indestructible and continuing. This theological difference is but one facet of a deep cleavage between the pagan view of a man and his relations with his group, and the Christian view.

Because the traditional religion is a cult of the shades, piety consists in doing just as father did. It is neglect of traditional rituals, departure from traditional ways, that is held to bring madness, sterility, or death. But Christianity is revolutionary; it is the yeast working in society to transform it. That is often forgotten in communities with a Christian tradition, but where the Gospel has been preached only for a generation and confessing Christians are but one in six, it is in men's minds all the time. The Nyakyusa could not be unaware that the Gospel implied changing their society.

In the pagan tradition the meticulous performance of the rituals is stressed: the right medicines; the right persons; the right order of events are all important. The attitude of mind of the participants matters also—if they are on bad terms the ritual will be ineffective—but goodwill and forgiveness alone are useless without the performance of the proper ritual. In the Christian tradition, as interpreted to us by Nyakyusa converts, it is the inward and spiritual attitude of the participants that is stressed.

Finally, all the pagan rituals are directed to driving off the shades or the heroes, whereas the Christian rituals are the 'means of grace', of coming near to God. Christians pray that the Holy Spirit should take up his abode within them; they seek to emulate the saints who 'walked with God'. Our Christian friends were quite clear about the contrast here between the pagan and Christian tradition: it is crystallized in the attitude to dreams: if a pagan dreams of converse (*ukwangala*) with shades, he fears death; 'if a Christian dreams of converse with God he rejoices greatly because it means he is gaining strength in Christianity.'

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when we went to a field I saw a stick of a special type upright in the soil. It was made of a reed split at the top, with a small bundle of leaves squeezed in the split. A piece of bark stood out from this bundle. I asked the chief for the significance of this and he explained that it was an *ulusingo*, i. e. a tabu sign to prevent anyone from stepping on the field which was an *imasibi* (yam-field). This sign was believed to possess "magical power", to strike an invader with illness. Each owner of a field has the right to protect his field in such a manner, and a chief especially has the right to command tabus regarding plants which are staple food for the whole chieftainship, as, for instance, maize that is not allowed to be reaped before the chief has given his permission. All such tabus are also named *mwiko*[22]. During the time of such a general tabu, visitors, who by chance come through a village under tabu, are not allowed to greet the inhabitants of the village or to speak to them.

The chief added that special watchmen are installed during these periods; these men are dressed in a terrifying manner, and have the right to arrest any person transgressing the tabu. The chief may punish the offenders immediately, imposing on them, for instance, a cow as a fine. This was also the case with an ordinary theft in a field, but nowadays such affairs are regulated by the law of the Mandated Government. After the repeal of such a general tabu by the chief, beer will be drunk (e. g. *ubwalwa bwa kutagila bwa kutondelo*, the beer that is poured out at the harvest), and the usual eating community of men will be re-established, for Nyakyusa men like to eat together as comrades, not in families.

10. When I was in Katumba, dances were held on several days from the afternoon till midnight, very similar in form to that which Mackenzie describes (p. 160) by the name *Ikimbimbi*.

The men stood on one side of the open place in several lines, with sticks in their hands; on the opposite side were the women and girls. Between them, more in the background, were the drummers, at the beginning of the dance; then they moved round the place. The principal drummer was a man of great excitability. He performed most extravagant movements with his body and his drumstick, making somersaults, jumping over the drum, treating it as a "living being", running to it and turning just in front of it.

[22] This word *mwiko* (forbidden) has the same wide (profane and ritual) meanings as *tapu* or *tabu* in the Polynesian Languages (cf. Rud. Lehmann: Die polynesischen Tabu-Sitten. Stastl. Forschungsinstitut für Völkerkunde I, 16; Leipzig 1936).